

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ES, indeed, it is a very freshet of frauds that is pouring down upon this poor country, out of that great source of all political evil, the Capital at Washington. A worse freshet, perhaps, than any of those awful floods that have drowned out countless homes in the West. For there is this about the material flood: it kills so many people and destroys or damages so much property, and then it is drained off, or dries up of itself, and that is an end of it. And if it only kills enough people, the local or the national government is shamed into voting a little money, or if it destroys enough property, the interested citizens come together and raise the money for themselves, and, in whichever way it comes about, the money is raised, and dams are built, and levees mended, and new water-courses opened, and future damage checked or averted.

But this freshet of political iniquity is a more insidious thing. You can not calculate the amount of damage it does, nor the limit of its period of destructiveness, and it seems impossible to wake the people to the self-sacrificing energy which is necessary to fight it. So it goes on, year after year, doing its wretched work, and we sit around and moan and see our national credit and our national honor destroyed, and do nothing about it. And which is the lesser evil, after all, the flood that kills men outright and swamps their houses and spoils their crops, and then makes an end, or the invisible tide that washes patriotism and honesty and

high and generous purpose out of a whole nation? It seems to us that the death of the body is a small matter beside the death of the soul. When this freshet of iniquity has done all it has to do, and washed the very life out of the American nature, a flood of clean water to cover up the residuum will be about the best thing that the fates can grant us.

The other day we received a letter from a young man in Columbia College, who wrote to us to protest against certain strictures which we have, at various times, made upon the conduct of the lads at that and similar institutions of learning. It was a very charming and graceful composition altogether. It dealt lightly and airily in caustic and withering satire. It inquired whether our hostility to the manners and customs of the young collegians was not prompted by our own biting envy of their advantages, which, as the writer observed, we had probably never shared. It set off an appeal to our higher nature with one or two of those time-worn witticisms dear to the heart of the amateur writer who seeks to wield an airy pen. Indeed, it was a most amusing letter, and we would have given it the smile which it merited and left it to silence and the waste-basket, had it not been that there was a certain ring of boyish earnestness about it which deserved some sort of answer.

Now, we have no manner of objection to colleges. They are most excellent institutions. We have often expressed our opinion that the colleges of this country are not good colleges. They are neither standard conservatories of learning, like the great German universities, nor good training schools for the young men of a hard-working republic. But that is a side-issue. It is not what we think of the colleges that troubles our correspondent; it is what we think of the collegians. He does not like it that we have said that the collegestudents of this country are, as a class, a pack of rowdies, or at least behave themselves like rowdies. But this is the truth. No, young man, it is not a few black sheep for whom the rest are condemned. The great and scan-dalous acts of iniquity, the blame of which you are anxious to shift upon a few exceptionally bad characters, are but the outcome of a pettier spirit of rowdyism and a tendency to vulgar disregard of dignity and decency, which pervade the whole body collegiate. If your party-spirit—which is a good thing in a young man—leads you to doubt this, suppose you satisfy yourself.

Leave your college campus and go down to that end of the town where Columbia College stood in your father's time. Go through the great dry-goods and commission houses. Walk in Wall and Broad streets. On every sidewalk, in every big establishment, you will meet hundreds of young men of your own age, all hard at work earning their living. These boys have not been brought up so carefully as you; they are all brought together by business associations; they have to work hard all day, and are absolutely their own masters at night. Surely if organized ruffianism might be expected in any class, you would look for it here. But you would not find it. There is the individual rowdy, of course; but he meets with no aid or comfort from his fellows. You do not hear of young dry-goods clerks shrieking in the streets and in theatres "H-B-C-L-A-F-L-I-N!" You do not hear of the young men in Mr. Thurber's employ hazing each other. Young Wall St, clerks do not abduct young Broad St, clerks. These men are quiet and decent in their business and out. Wouldn't it be well to see if you could not make more of a decent business of your college-life?

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." Senator Logan is evidently a believer in this adage, for he has just succeeded in getting General Grant, our national pauper and pertinacious beggar, placed on the Retired List of the Army. Now, there is no reason whatever why General Grant should draw any more money out of the public treasury, and there are many reasons why he should not. For his military work, which he achieved under more favorable conditions than any of the other generals, he has been amply repaid. His triumphs as a soldier will scarcely counterbalance his melancholy attempts at statesmanship during the eight years he was inflicted on the country as a Presideut.

General Grant was probably the most objectionable President that the United States has had, not even excepting the rural Rutherford B. Hayes, and yet Grant has friends and admirers, who have overlooked his shortcomings because he was the only available man at the time for the position. But, when we come to consider the demoralization, the knavery, the thievery, the rings, the systematic course of public plunder, which took place under Grant's administration and which have been left us as a legacy, the conclusion is irresistible; it would have been better had the war continued another year and saved us from General Grant's sorry experiments in government.

If there was the slightest reason to suppose that this greedy man would be satisfied with his new pension, and then keep himself out of the public eye, it would be well enough; but, as everybody knows, that is entirely out of the question. General Grant, as long as he lives, will take everything that is offered to him, and more, too. He will dead-head it around the world with the same satisfaction as he will ride on the "L" roads with a pass. Even these things do not distress us much, for many, who are not General Grants, are not superior to the temptations of dead-headism.

But, above all, what we hope will never be offered to General Grant – for he will cling to it with the tenacity of an octopus, if he gets a chance—is the nomination for a third term. And this is what he is moving heaven and earth to secure. After the tremendous set-back and black eye that General Grant and his friends received at the Chicago Convention, we thought we had heard the last of him as a Presidential candidate; but it seems not. He will be on hand in 1884, with his "306," or with others with as crooked minds as they possess. And Puck will be on hand, also, for the purpose of defeating this perennial third-termer, this friend of the monopolist, this incorrigible dead-head and utterly incompetent candidate for the exalted position.

Yes, it is true; Mr. Kelly - we mean Mr. John Kelly, of, or rather late of, Tammany Hall—has now assumed the role of a Republican. Governor Cornell and a gentleman of the name of Belden helped to do it; and it is a very nice little arrangement all round. Especially does it enable Mr. Kelly to get hold of some nice chunks of New York State patronage. We pity the unfortunate state, but we congratulate Mr. Kelly, and we congratulate the Democratic party at having got rid of Mr. Kelly. For, as Mr. Kelly, as a sham Democrat, has always succeeded in defeating his party from within, it is, for obvious reasons, much better that Mr. Kelly should defeat the Democracy as an avowed Republican, which, of course, he will do. It must be a dreadful weight off his mind to be able now to speak and act as he thinks. For the present we shall defer our congratulations to the Republican party.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS DEFIANCE AND HIS PROPOSITION.

HARLEM, Feb. 27th, 1882.

EDITOR PUCK-DEAR SIR:

A base-born rival down in Texas has dared to challenge me in the columns of your journal. The defiance which I fling in his face is but a mild expression of the contempt I feel for his incompetency. I am no hen-roost poet. I do not mingle baser methods of money getting with my system of business poetry. What have Poetry and Poultry to do with one another?

I refuse to meet this pusillanimous pseudo-

nym of the South-west on a tramp basis. As a respectable business poet, I will be happy to engage in battle with him if he will come up

North and tackle me where I am at home.

But, in very sooth, I am fain to let the braggart boast his fill. Don't be alarmed at this mediæval language—I caught it from my partner in Poesy, Mr. Oscar Wilde. It is only a sort of highly ornamental, bevel-edge, supercalendered way of saying that I think the time is past when it is necessary to do battle for my laurels. If a thousand triumphs in the poetical arena have not riveted them on my head by this time-why, anybody can have them at cost price, cash down.

In the serene security of my superiority— and I call your attention to the fact that there is no extra charge for that outburst of allitera-tion—I can afford to smile confidently at pro-

fessional rivalry.

In fact, sir, I am so convinced of the impregnability of my unique distinction, that I come before you to-day with a peaceful proposition of a purely commercial character. It was suggested to me by a brother poet, and I see business in it. I wish you to make your paper the vehicle for its introduction to the poetic world. No journal, I am convinced, could be better chosen, or could afford it a larger and at the same time a more select circulation; and I trust that you will credit my account with this small consignment of what is vulgarly known as Taffy.

PUCK Dr. to

V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P.,

To I lb. Taffy.....

Let your generosity fill up the blank, My present scheme is one that is of interest to all professional poets in the world. I put it

forth in a spirit of perfect amity, and with no

idea of professional profit.

I propose to establish a Poets' Exchangenot an exchange in the ordinary commercial sense; but an exchange on the basis of one described in a well-known piece of imaginative writing for which I believe the late Mr. Joseph

Addison—a good professional, but a very queer poet—is responsible.

You are probably well aware of the fact that every poet has a special and particular stock figure, or set of figures. The old school used to go in for sunsets and rainbows, and build have pearly all their particular stocks that very nearly all their pastoral poetry out of that sort of stock, with a little mixture of sheep and ivy-mantled towers and dewdrops. When they wrote about women, they depended almost entirely upon raven locks and alabaster shoulders and drooping eyelashes.

We have got beyond that point; but we, we

poets of the present day, we all have our little stock figures, which we trot out as often as the public will stand them—all except me. I have no one set of figures—the liberal scope of my genius takes in all.

So, you see, this scheme does not touch me personally. But everybody else in my line of business will find it a great convenience. Just as in the imaginative piece of writing before referred to, I want all the poets in the profession to come together, dump down their stock specialties in a heap, and re-distribute them. This will give every man in the crowd a new lease of professional life. He can sail into public favor with a new list of subjects, quite fresh to his clients. And when these are exhausted, a new deal will give him another chance. This will enable a poet to show some versatility, and still keep his own line of trade.

Now, let us suppose that my plan were put in operation. You would issue a call, to be paid for at your usual advertising rates, for all the poets to assemble at any desirable centre of trade—say the back-yard of my boarding-house up here in Harlem. It is spacious, and is at my disposal any days of the week except Mondays and Tuesdays, when the wash is hanging out. Strange, is it not, this survival of the unreason-

ing popular distrust of the poet?

But this is a side-issue. Let us suppose that the poets all meet in this private Parnassus of my own. Algy Charles Swinburne would step to the front and deposit his stock-in-trade - the Salt-Sweet-Bitter Sea, the Kisses-that-Burn-like-Fire, the Perfumed Hair, and the Blown-Salt-

Spume of the Sea aforesaid.

Then old Bob Browning would toddle up and drop his Soul-Sides and his Italian business, Then Billy Morris would waltz in and contribute his Greek heroines and his selected Mediæval

Tennyson would come along and shake his King Arthur, with all the ancient Round Table appurtenances, and his Inn-Keepers and all his County-family heroes. D. Gabe Rossetti would contribute his choice collection of desperate and sallow young women with seven stars in their hair and a burden in italics. Longfellow —our own old Wad—would chip in some Swallows and a Winding River, two or three Bridges and what German Legends he may have left.

Then Bret Harte would amble up and give us the Man-in-a-red-shirt and the Western-desperado - who - turned-soft-and-sacrificed-his-life-

for-some-other-fellow.

That would play Mr. Harte out pretty close; but Austin Dobson could throw in a Rose and a Waltz and a Sèvres plaque and an Idyll of

Soho and never know it.

Then Oscar Wilde could show up and part with a Lily and a Sunflower and a Maiden-

with-a-long-throat and a Wail-over-Englandgoing-to-the-dogs. And then your own acro-batic poet with the extraordinary name could top the heap with his special and particular Goat, and the pool would be complete.

After that, it would only be a question of re-

apportioning the stock, and it would be a matter of public interest to note the results. I myself may confess to a mild curiosity as to what would happen. I should like to know what Mr. Longfellow would do with Mr. Rosetti's young ladies, and what would become of Mr. Longfellow's business in the hands of Mr. Swinburne. And I should be really pleased to know exactly how Mr. Tennyson would handle your favored contributor's Goat.

Of course, it is understood that I am to have the usual commission on all exchanges.

Yours enthusiastically,

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet.

Puckenings.

This is a godless country. A man was arrested for kneeling and praying aloud in Broadway. He might have stood up and sworn with impunity.

PATTI IS AT the Windsor Hotel. It may not do much for her voice, but her olfactory nerves will get pretty good exercise, without much effort on her part.

THE PEOPLE of Meath object to paying rent, and have elected, as their Member of Parliament, Michael Davitt, now a prisoner in Portland Jail, who also has no rent to pay for his lodg-

THE MICHIGAN University Chesterfields will, judging by the Ann Arbor News, soon be quite equal in manners to the Columbia Cads, the Yale Yahoos, the Princeton Puppies and the Harvard Harriers.

MR. PRINCE LEOPOLD is to be a Colonel for the purpose of undergoing matrimony. It would be just as convenient and cheap to make the illustrious young pauper a full-blown Field-Marshal at once—he is about equally competent for both positions.

DR. LORNE, Governor-General of Canada, is anxious to establish an Académie Canadienne of eminent literary and scientific men. The only eminent literary and scientific man in Canada we ever heard of is Dr. Lorne himself, and his specialty was low-necked dresses.

THE USUAL Nihilistic circus is now going on in St. Petersburg. This particular trial will soon be settled, and the offenders disposed of. Can't we, to save time, manage to charge our Star Route thieves with Nihilism, and send them to Russia for examination and sentence?

Of COURSE Mr. W. H. Swift, a match manufacturer of Wilmington, does not wish the stamp tax taken off matches; but there are probably forty or fifty millions of people who are of the opposite opinion, which, it must be admitted, is a considerable majority against

TAKING THE Bradlaugh case as a precedent, if three hundred and thirty members of the British House of Commons were to pass a resolution that the remaining three hundred and twenty-eight had no right to their seats, on the grounds of agnosticism or habitual backsliding, what a perfect system of representation it would be for the country!

THERE IS NOW in New York a Social Club, consisting only of colored young men. Here is a real aristocratic organization at last, and one that must make the parvenu members of the Knickerbocker, Union and St. Nicholas clubs verdant with envy, especially when they see the descendants of African kings in the portico of their Bohemian Club, at 56 West

No FATAL collision on the "L" roads as yet, but it is coming, although its course may be turned by the adoption of the block-signal sys-I am making arrangements with the weather-bureau to supply me with real thunder, on reasonable terms, to warn engineers not to collide, if they can help it. It will probably be ready about 1890.

FIELD-MARSHAL K. F. WAIN, Grand Vizier "L" Roads.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF A CARTOON CANDIDATE.

"So you want to come on the paper to make | colored cartoons, eh?" asked the editor.

"I do," replied the slim young man. "Have you done anything in the art line?" "I have; I had a picture in the Keokuk Academy in 1877."

What kind of a cut was it?

"It was half marine and half '.ndscape, and had figures in the foreground. You may have heard of it. It was called 'Digging Clam-Fritters at Nantasket.'"

"Digging clam-fritters at any place is a very sublime subject for a picture. But how long

does it take you to get up a chromo?"

"About a half-a-day, when I'm feeling well. I take orders for a dozen at a time, and go off into a barn and do them. When I got up my chromo known as a nocturne in black-and tan No. 4,217, in the Hohokus Academy of 1880 -I had a contract to kill pigs for a slaughterhouse, and did the picture at night."

"How did you get light?"

"Out of a kerosene lamp. I don't take any stock in light. All the light I want is enough to see the brush, so that I won't get the happy lovers mixed up with the brindled bull in the background, or merge the pump-handle into the delicate vistas of landscape that melt away behind the meadow. Light! Just give me elbowroom and stick a firefly on the end of my nose, and I'll turn out sunsets faster in the dark than four agents can sell them."

"What else have you done?"
"Oh, I have done everything in the art line," continued the painter, as he crushed his soft hat to make it set better: "About two winters ago I was engaged to draw garments for a fashion catalogue. I used to turn them out like chain-lightning. I used to rig a basque on a barrel, and button it to get the folds and set all right, and then I'd start in and whack it out like a I used to make the faces-eyes, ears and all-with a ruler, to save time. I would rig a sign on the outside of the door, saying I was off in the country drawing hat factories for a steel engraver, and I would never let a man in unless he owed me money. I have known men to stand outside and rap until they hammered their knuckles back behind their ears, and they would screech and bellow in a voice strong enough to tie a bulldog up with. Then I would climb upon a stool and look down through the transom, to see who it was, and resume my work."

"But wouldn't the noise disturb you?"

"Oh, no; not at all. There is more inspiration in noise than you have any idea of, and I always work better in it. I suppose I got used to it when I was the special artist or an illustrated paper during the recent kettledrum."

"Then you were in the last war?" "Indeed I was. I illustrated a history of it."

"Do you call that being in a war?"

"No, I don't; but I was there just the same, and I sent on lots of pictures, which would have been better had I not been obliged to draw with iron gloves on. I had a very unique contrivance: my easel was plated with iron to keep off bullets, and, I tell you, when they began to patter on it at the rate of fifty a minute, it reminded me of the days when I made the teacher wink with a putty-blower. I used to sit with my feet braced against it to protect my legs. There I would crouch right behind it, and record the picture in lines bounding with poetry and correctness. There would I sit, right in the cloud of battle, while the air was rife with the shouts of excited men, and the cannon roared on every side, and tattered oriflammes glimmered in dense seas of smoke, and the rifles cracked like peanuts at a country circus. But one day, while I was recording the scene about me, a man came up and offered me a drink, which I took to be sociable and show him that I didn't feel any bigger than himself, if he was a mere private. So I tipped the bottle up, and was taking the regularly canonized and accepted snifter, when a shell came along and snapped the stool from under me."

Then you were not hurt?" "Not hurt, eh? well, you may bet your life, I was! My feet were way up on the easel opposite my eyes at the time, and as soon as that stool flew from under me, I came down on the ground with such emphasis that for three weeks I was obliged to sit on my feet, like a chicken -"

"If you had an iron easel, how did you manage to carry it around?" broke in the editor.

"On a mule—I always had a mule; a nice gentle animal that was fond of scenery, and was always tired. Once, when the army was scattered, and I had to get over lots of ground, I found that I couldn't take time to dismount, so I drew on muleback. After a while I rigged my easel on the mule and went into the thick of the battle with cavalrymen to get sketches. I tell you, when a sword would come down on that, it couldn't get anywhere near me, and I got a regular salary by allowing a hatter to have his 'ad.' painted on the front of the the battle of Fair Oaks I had four mules shot under me, but I did the pictures faster than they could appear; for I remember distinctly that while I was waiting for something graphic, I drove the mule up under a tree, plucked some apples and painted a still life, which is still in

my possession."
"Then the Academy wouldn't have it?"

"It would not-I could never get on the Hanging Committee, although I tried pretty hard. I had a fine studio, all fitted up in the latest style-Queen Anne tapestries, pre-Raphaelite ornaments, Eastlake spittoons, and all that sort of thing. But the studio had its drawbacks. It had six doors and four windows, and I used to think that, in case of fire, I would have my choice of ten apertures to get through, and there would be some tone in that. These aper-tures, though, filled the place with drafts, and they used to run on regular railroad time and you couldn't stop them; they were in for life. Well, they used to float around like trade-winds, and I made a regular chart of the place so that I'd know the safe places to sit. At first, I drew close to the wall and braced my feet against it, and let the drafts under me. After I made the chart, however, I knew exactly where to work, and where to seat disagreeable visitors. I used to put bores between the door and the north window, and look at the papers a week later to read their obituary notices. One day I took a stretch on the sofa, and the draft raised me four inches off it, and I played on that draft like a ball on the stream of a foun-tain, and slept four hours on it. But the strongest draft was between the door and the stove. Once I fell asleep in a chair by the door, and, when I awoke, I found the draft had drawn me, chair and all, right over to the stove, and was trying to suck me up the chimney. I used to buy a can of lobster when I wanted to paint a still-life; I used to make a very effective still-life with some lobster, a couple of apples, a sea-biscuit, and an empty beer-bottle and a red velvet background. I made twenty copies of this and sold it all around — no two in the same state, you know. I always liked the still lay better than painting from life, because I could make a dinner of the lobster while I couldn't of the model. Now, there is nothing nicer than to sit down, in a quiet autumn twilight, and open a can of lobster and eat it with a tack-hammer and a pair of scissors, while the golden leaf is falling and the robin is getting ready to trill his little ta, ta."

"You make me hungry."

"If you want to get good and hungry-a regular old shooting-in-the-woods-all-day-with-nothing-to-eat-but-a-raw - turnip - surreptitiously - obtained appetite, just get the position I once had. I was with a medicine house, and my duty was to paint great allegorical pictures on the sides of buildings. I have painted horses letting flames twelve feet long fly through their nostrils; and I have made men dancing around in clouds with both hands full of lightning; and I have made comic saints dressed in horse-blankets, with ropes tied around their stomachs, and ballet-dancers coming out of creamy magnolias. to show how a certain balm would improve the complexion; and I have made the highly delighted, happy man, entitled: 'This is the man who bought an accident insurance ticket for \$10,000 and got killed,' and a companion piece representing a downcast, woebegone individual, beneath whom was printed: 'This is the man who didn't buy an accident insurance ticket and came out in the best of health.' It was being in the air that gave me the appetite. I used to wear a belt, with a large iron hook in the back of it. To this a rope was fastened, and I was hoisted to the desired height, where I would paint all day. I held a brush in each hand and one in each foot, and the palette in my teeth. I used to work like lightning. I would work the four brushes at once. I would sock in an angel with my right hand, a mountain and a sunset with my left, and then, with my feet, I would whack the figures into the foreground. I could make landscapes, and marines, or anything wanted, and, when it came to portraits, there was no photographer lying around the country loose that could touch me. Well, I'm blowed! if this great history ain't all thrown away.'

The editor had fallen into a gentle sleep, and was wandering off in some delightful valley, listening to the gentle music of a murmuring cas-cade and getting over the effects of the Arion R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

RELICS OF BARBARISM.



PARK PRIVILEGES FOR THE TRAMPS.



A CHANCE FOR OUR MILLIONAIRES TO MAKE THEMSELVES POPULAR.

A WINTER COMEDY.

HE:

"Come out into the night, fair Maud,
My horse and sleigh are here;
They are the best that ever awed
A heart with envious fear.
Ah! come, my sweet Arcadian lass—
My laughing, lithesome Maudie;
All other rigs I think we'll pass
At speed both gay and gaudy."

SHE: "Oh! Charley, you're a darling boy;
I've half a mind to kiss you!
A sleigh-ride! oh, my, what a joy!
You plotter of much bliss, you!
Oh! won't we just surprise the town? (I'll be there in a minute)here, now! my back-hair's coming down!
I'll have to go and pin it."

EDWARD WICK.

A LESSON IN RENOVATION.

A reader of Puck who resides in Northampton, Mass., and whose ancestors fought in the war of 1776, has, he writes us, an heirloom in his family in the shape of an old mahogany arm-chair. But, as it has suffered considerably from the ravages of time, he desired to know the best method of renovating it, so that it may be a good-appearing, and not unwelcome pres-ent to a young married couple of his acquaint-ance, toward whom he entertains friendly and neighborly feelings.

It affords us the utmost pleasure to be able to respond to his very flattering request.

There are two ways to renovate an old arm-

The first would be to procure two chisels (one large and one of medium size), a sheet of sandpaper, a guage, a vise, two bits, a crow-bar, a pot of glue, a planer, three papers of tacks, a gallon of linseed oil, two yards of sailors' hemp, a gallon of turpentine, a cup of beeswax, eight or nine four-inch planks, a hand-saw, a Parisian pocket-knife. a trip-hammer and a roll or two of twine. These obtained, it would be necessary to hire a room to be used as a work-shop, and to pay the rent thereof in advance (taking a receipt for the same). Then hire an express-man to move the chair, and distribute a little money among the policemen on the beat before beginning operations.

Lay crash on the floor and hire a colored

assistant-no objection to mulatto-to hold the chair in position. Sandpaper off the old var-nish, being sure to have the pressure even, and to keep your fingers from under the sandpaper. When the old varnish is completely gone and

the wood is reached, mingle the beeswax, linseed-oil and turpentine over a slow fire, putting it in a little tepid water over a self-feeding stove. Shred yellow beeswax and pour a little glue into the compound, and wait till you think the pot is about to either melt or explode. Then apply the compound—being careful not to use your hand as a spoon—to the wood to give it a fancy polish. Brace up the legs of the chair and apply chased brass-headed nails. Roll the chair over the colored assistant to see if the rollers move easily.

When this is done, let him call an ambulance and have you taken away, but not before he has purchased a vial of ammonia, some tincture of arnica, spirits of camphor, two gallons of rose-water, some lint, a pint of sweet oil, a porous-plaster, a pound of cotton, splinters for a dislocated arm, a small bottle of laudanum, some spirits of valerian and an electric hair-brush. These remedies, assiduously applied, will reduce the fever, heal the contusion and decrease the pain from the burns.

Give the colored attendant a watermelon,

some hominy and a policy-ticket.

To allay the flames, use a fire-extinguisher, ordinary water-buckets and hooks. Drench the floor and let the turpentine burn until the supply is exhausted.

Good board may be obtained in a hospital for \$15 a week, medical attendance included. Eat sparingly. Within six weeks you may be able to leave.

If the arm-chair has not perished in the flames, the wood must be thoroughly seasoned and the varnish dry. Go to an upholsterer and have the frame covered in dead-gold reps and have a crocket-worked monogram in embossed silk on the back. If the married couple are not either separated or divorced by the time it is ready, send it to them with a note explaining the circumstances, and let three weeks elapse

the circumstance, before you call.

The other (and perhaps better) way is to buy a new arm-chair for \$3.25 and send it C. O. D. ERNEST HARVIER.

WE NEVER HEARD OF IT.

Boston, February 27th, 1882.

To the Editor of Puck-Sir:

Will you kindly tell me the history of the somewhat familiar quotation, "What, never?" I fail to find it in "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations." Could you kindly give me through your columns a succinct statement about it? By so doing you would greatly oblige a

AFTER WILDE.

IMPRESSION DU GOAT. At any time you blithely frisk And scamper in the balmy leas, Bricks flying round you thick as bees, Excite your rudder to a whisk. You masticate no grass or root, With judgement rare, declaring that Supremer are the stovepipe hat, The oyster-can and rubber-boot. O dainty ibex, when you flop And leave this vale of pain and care, All know upon the bill-of-fare You're cast to play the mutton chop.

IMPRESSION DU CLAM. O legless turtle, plump and fat! By epicures considered dear. Though shaped like Aphrodite's ear, The urchin scales you at the cat, Men linger by in busy groups,
And eat you raw with joyous yells,
And fling away your pearly shells,
Which oft are used for sugar-scoops. You like a flower ope and smile, A smile in happiness arrayed, But, wherefore, don't you e'er invade The chowder down at Coney Isle?

IMPRESSION DU TROUSERS. No troubadour your beauty chants On quiet purple afternoons, O lordly trousers, pantaloons, Or, as the vulgar term you, "pants!" You lose your shape when young and fair, You help to light the sulphur match; Though chromoed with a scarlet patch, You still are swapped for china ware. "Ah, why is it?" we vainly sigh, While picnic dainties make us squint: "The lovely 'pants' of lilac tint
Are wedded to the custard-pie?"

IMPRESSION DU NEWTOWN CREEK. The sun performs a merry jig, Its great blonde tresses in a flood Transfigure all the plain of mud, Where rolls you polka-dotted pig. You talk about your pictures sweet, Your drowsy girls, with ringlets loose, Behold that waddling ashen goose, Too young to die, too old to eat! Ah, now I see a bit of green, The breezes on the water stir
And turn to blue. Mahomet, sir:
A nocturne 'tis in kerosene R. R. K. M.

A PARISIAN'S PLAINT.

CONTAINING A FEW NATURAL QUERIES ABOUT AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

To ze Editeur of ze Puck: Cher Monsieur l'Editeur, allow me ze honcher Monsieur l'Editeur, allow me ze non-neur of to salute you rispecfooly. I bin six munse in your great contree. She is great, galorious—ze people all tell me dat, and I find it myself. But I find, of things curious zat I not understand. You, Monsieur l'Editeur, who make de funny for zis grande nation—you are so clevare—you will be so goot to expliguer zose things one little.

I go wiz a frien' to see your beeg fire—Pot-ter, I sink zey call zat fire. Mon Dieu! how quicke it go! In fifteen minute all ze world is

dead -burn up!
"Que diable!" I say to my frien': "everysing march so fast here, even ze fires; never I see sing like zat! Burn in two, three minuteall up!

"Oh," he say: "zat was a death-trap." "Death-trap!—tousand tunders! Zey have ze trap to brûler people here? Mon Dieu! vat zese men have done, zat zey burn zem

up?"
"Oh, noting," he me reply: "it was an accident; building was old and rottin."
"Ah! you call zat accident? Boot so much

He smile and say: "You not understan'."

We come yet one time, bientot; zey deed deeg, and bymbi I hear one man who cri, of a

"Here it is, all right—all safe!"
"Mais, que diable!" I ask my frien': "is zat his brozer he find? How could 'e be in dat beeg fire and be all right?"

He me expligue:

"That man has found his safe with his money.'

"Ah! money! When dey deeg out zose poor burn mens from zat death-trap?"

"In a few days."

"So zey take first out ze safe, in zis pays, and leave till last ze poor burn people? How it is curious!"

He tell me: "You no understan"."

I keep a leetle shop—how you name him—wiz ze image at ze window—much image? You will find him vairy nice, my shop, Mon-sieur l'Editeur. I have one image, free little boy in plastre, vairy gentil. Man come along, he say:

"Dat no good; muss take dat out of winow." "For why, my frien? Zat goot image."

"No, no," say ze man: "no goot. Take dat away; dey got no cloze!"

"Tousand tunders! vat for dey want cloze?

Dey no cold—nice leetle boys."
"You not understan; no goot; muss take him away."

Nex day, I read ze *Herald*, wat you call "Personnel." Mon Dieu! zese zings in a family sonnel." Mon Dieu! zese zings in a family paper! Where ze man dat take away my leetle image so gentil? Why not he speak to ze éditeur of zis paper? Why he not take him away? "Oh, ze Herald publique dose tings, twenty, thirty year," say my friend.

"Zen not is it time to stop him, if he write bad thirty year?"

"Oh, he beeg, rich man; no one touch him."

"It is rich man countree, alors?

"No, no; you not understan'!" I read much ze papers. I them like much. I read: "Man stole watch—go to ze prison for ten year; man steal beeg money, go to prison for fifteen year; man kill vife wiz pokare, go to prison two year; man kick vife down six stair, she die; he go prison tree year." Que diable! is vatch more wort as vife? Vife muss be very plentee here. I see in paper, man

marry tree, four vife; ozer man he marry five, six vife! Quel peuple imprudent! In la belle France, ze man he marry vun vife--he find zat great big enough.

Have yet one leetle patience, Monsieur l'Editeur of ze funny, and I tell you how kind were zey to me when I come to zis great, beautiful country. A man come to my shop:
"How long you bin here?"

"Tree munse, monsieur."

"Tree munse? Dat enouf; you vote zis ticket, I gif you twenty-five dollare." "I sall be of it enchanted!"

What generosite, what man noble! He pay me to go make my vote-me l'étranger! And he say:
"You no tell."

What man modest, benevolent!

Is zere much man like zat in your belle citee? Cher Monsieur l'Editeur, do zey nevare wash your belle citee her face? I see water wen I go East, I see ze water wen I go West, but in ze street, I see only beeg, beeg mud, and vat you call slosh—how you make dat slosh? You

like him en Amérique, zat slosh?

Have ze gootness to excuse zat I you fatigue,

cher monsieur.

I am, wiz much rispeck, Your serviteur very humble,

François Fainéant.

WE SOON shall hear the robin's note, And feel the shad-bones in our throat, And pawn our winter overcoat, And shy our arctics at the goat, Who'll eat them on the hill remote.

THERE IS a barber not twenty miles from here who claims that he has had small pox, and that he can prevent others from having this dreaded malady by shampooing. His theory is that his finger-nails being dug into the scalp produces an effect similar to vaccination. If this is true, we are bound to believe that people get other virtues and vices from the finger-nails of the tonsorial wizard, and now we fancy we know the reason why some men persist in asking impertinent questions and talking against

HIS EYES were black, his nose was red, Said we: "You have been weeping?"
Oh, no!" he cried, in sad reply:
"A wake I have been keeping."

THE STRANGE HISTORY

BILLY THE KID.

This is what came to Billy the Kid, And these are the wondrous deeds he did:

Three times on his dainty hands he spat, And three times crumpled his new felt hat;

And gracefully on a gate-post there He leaned with an attitude debonnair:

And his brawny arms he akimbo placed, And the landscape picture was truly graced.

A man came riding adown the way, And he rode aloft on a load of hay;

And as he went lumbering past the gate, Billy at him did expectorate

And the man grew wrathful, as well he might, And bared his arms for a bloody fight.

To the ground he sprang with a mighty stride, And soon he stood by brave Billy's side.

He took the Kid by his Roman nose, And he mopped the road with his Sunday clothes.

And he pulled him up, and he threw him down, Till he looked much like a circus clown.

And then he pitched him up in a tree, And a scarecrow there Bill seemed to be.

And this, despite that Bill's pocket bore A pistol framed for the scent of gore.

Then the man jumped back on his fragrant load, And gaily meandered down the road

And he whistled aloud in savage glee, So long as Billy he could see;

And he said: "Young man, let me you implore In the future to use a cuspidor.

Then Billy's mother came out, and shook That boy from the tree with a trammel-hook

And she boxed the ears on his aching head, And kept him a week or more in bed.

This is a tale from the ages dim Of Billy the Kid, and what came to him.

WILL FUENTRES.

THE BOSS CONTRACTOR OF THEM ALL-Cold

A woman has been found, who admitted that she was not pretty. She says she is beau-

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE not having bagged as many snow-ball fines as usual this year, will probably not go to Newport next summer.



"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXIII. OLD MAIDS



Ya-as, the subject came up at dinnah the othah day. We were talking about marwiage, which always seems to succeed in attwacting a large numbah of people to join in the conversation. It is stwange that thrwoughout Gweat Bwitain and Amerwica there are severwal thousands of young ladies who, in all probability, will nevah marwy, and,

as my wife says, are doomed to spend the wemaindah of their existence in comparwative miserwy.

I know aw that many feminine cweachahs say that they do not care to marwy, because they don't want to be wuled, and perwhaps have bwutes faw husbands; but I wuled, and perwhaps have bwutes faw husbands; but I am wathah inclined to think that such statements are not stwictly twue, and that everwy woman, from the highest to the lowest stwatum of society is verwy glad to find somebody to pwotect her, and pwovide her with extwa food, lodging and waiment, even if she is possessed of any money in her own wight. And yet the wesult of the discussion weferred to was that there was aw weally no hope faw thousands of these cweachahs evan to have happy homes of their own and to we-ah childwen.

Then there were severwal weasons advanced faw this wemarkable state of affai-ahs. Some attwibuted it to the extwardingrary ideals with which young women were

wemarkable state of affai-ahs. Some attwibuted it to the extwaordinarwy ide-ahs with which young women were bwought np, which fwightened men fwom taking wives who would be extwemely expensive.

Mrs. Fitznoodle thought it awose from the generwal disinclination of men to marwy when they could obtain all the comforts they wequire at their clubs; but my views are differement from all these. I think that in Amerwica, especially, the fault wests with the parwents, the majorwity of whom nevah dweam of giving their aw daughtabs anything in the shape of a downy. Except in cases tahs anything in the shape of a dowwy. Except in cases where the woman has money, she is verwy likely to become an encumbwance and an outwageously expensive

come an encumbwance and an outwageously expensive luxurwy.

The Fwench, Jack says, have the pwopah ide-ah about such mattahs. Marwiage, in Fwance, is the wesult of wegulah business negotiations, the bride invarwiably having a dot which is always enough to support herself, at any wate, in the mannah to which she has been accustomed, and welieves the husband of gweat wesponsibility and gives him encourwagement. In this country, the averwage man who falls in love has to take a wife who,

in many instances, is little bettah than a paupah. This is the aw weason why so many men wefuse to marwy. It is too extwavagant a luxurwy, and, unless the pwospective old maids and fathahs combine faw weform, there will aw still continue to be in the world a gweat deal maw unhappiness than is necessarwy aw.

Answers fog the Anxions.

HASELTINE.-Begin to save up to buy her an Easter

egg.

JANE.—There was a hectic giddiness about your poem which made us sure, the first time we set eyes on it, that it would never see the first faint Spring violets. It never

will, Jane.

T. L. C. M'G.—No, sır; we can't send a reporter to give an account of the "first annual ball of the Frothy M'Gehan Coterie." We haven't the reporter. All our coterie reporters are out in New Jersey, chopping firewood for a living, and those we have on hand have almost been bired by the "Original Sons of Slug" to atready been hired by the "Original Sons of Slug" to at-tend their first semi-occasional picnic at Jones's Wood and officiate at the lemonade stand.

ALFA.—Yes, we know a lot about decorative art; but we can not tell you how to decorate your father's tin dinner-pail. Perhaps the best scheme would be to decorate the inside of it with a good, solid meridian feed, and then, if you feel a wild and uncontrollable desire to paint sunflowers and fillies, put your artistic efforts on the kero-sene can. The contemplation of them may sooth the

hired-girl's passage across Jordan. W. J. D.—We are glad to learn from your letter that you are a young man eighteen years of age, and apprentaced to a machinist, and that you want to know whether to study Greek or to get married. We are happy to throw all possible light on your perplexity. We have not had time to inquire among the bachelors of our ac quaintance; but we have asked a few questions of the married men we know, and they appear to be unani-mously of the opinion that a classical education is a great thing for a young man.

In Fiction No. 27 is a story by Julie K. Wetherill, entitled, "The l'oor Young Boarder," which is power fully, artistically and cleverly written. Miss Julie K. Wetherill shows much grace of style, and will be remembered as the young lady who contributed to Puck's Annual for 1882 an excellent burlesque on the novels of

Henry James, Junior.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, who has written enough books to fill the Bodleian Library, is at it again.

"The Fatal Marriage; or. Orville Deville," is the latest—we wish we could say the last. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the publishers of this gem of fiction.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN is now wrestling successfully with "The Two Orplans," after having taken the public by storm in "A Celebrated Case."

"Sam'l of Posen" is the talk of Chatham Street and Tompxins Square, and other districts in New York City, and HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE and Mr. M. B. Curtis are buoyant accordingly.
The Madison Square Theatre, last night, produced

a play called "Esmeralda." It had already produced it some one hundred and twenty-five times before, and will

produce it perhaps some five thousand times again.

"Squatter Sovereignty," if not the most elevated of
Messrs. Harrigan and Hart's compositions, is certainly
one of the most successful. The live geese and the recalcitrant goat are alone worth going to see, let alone the lively music and the clever delineation of the types of the

lively music and the clever delineation of the types of the denizens of Shantytown.

The globe has only been deflected three-quarters of an inch from its base, although Patti sung in "Traviata," on Monday might last, at the Germania Theathe. Tomorrow night she will put forth her warbling powers in "I Barbiere," and sing the woes of Marguerite in "Faust" next Monday.

The Haverly's Opera Company, at Haverly's Brooklyn Theather, has been keeping the Brooklynites up to their musicful standard. Now æsthetics are placed before them in the shape of "The Colonel," better known as "The Serious Family," with Mr. Lester Wallack and Eric Bayley's Comedy Company.

"The Colone!" having emigrated to Brooklyn, Mr. N. C. Goodwin and Miss Eliza Weathersby are now presenting their farcical comedy, "The Member for Slocum," at Arbeey's Park Theathe, though it is not side-splittingly farcical or very much of a comedy; but we console our

farcical or very much of a comedy; but we console our-selves with the thought that we did not write it.

If you wish to be put down as a hopeless crank, don't go and see "Patience," at the STANDARD THEATRE. If, on the other hand, you pride yourself on your levelh, on the other hand, you price yourself on your level-headedness, go and hear it again, for, of course, you have heard it once, and bless yourself and family that the opportunity is still afforded you by its prodigious run. DALY'S THEATER, with "Odette" attachment, is run-ning as swiftly as an imported fox runs when pursued by bold Unionbocker Club huntsmen; but a fox is a worth-

less thing, and "Odette" is a strong play, and some of it is in Sardou's best style. Miss Stoepel, formerly Bijou Heron, promises to become as good an actress

mother was.

Mr. Elliot Mason has opened a Bicycle Hall in Thirtyfourth Street near Third Avenue. It is a very charming
and edifying sight to see the patrons of this establishment
exercising on the wheel. It is worth thirty-seven-and-ahalf cents to see the venerable Peter Cooper caracoling
round on a fifty-inch bicycle, and Mayor Grace taking
the festive header off a Pope bicycle in the wake of Messrs.
Walton and Coleman.

There is still a hule classical taste left in us benughed

There is still a little classical taste left in us benighted New Yorkers, for "Pendragon," at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, has done more to advertise Alfred AVENUE THEATRE, has done more to advertise Alfred Tennyson and his Arthurian stock-in-trade than any play ever produced. Why does not Mr. Young try ais hand at the construction of an Irish ancient drama, and let Mr. Barrett play Brian Born? It would suit this conscientious actor much better than the part of King Arthur.

The patients that flock to the office of Drs. Birch and Backus pass the highest encompany on the highest encompany.

The patients that flock to the omce of 1978. Buren and Backus pass the highest encommuns on their treatment by these sable physicians, which partakes both of the regular and the homeopathic schools. That is to say, it is allopathic in its doses of fun and homeopathic on the similia similibus curantur principie, the chief attraction being "Patients." This is intended as a joke on the SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, who must be seen and heard

Mr. Strakosch has certainly had no reason to complain of the reception accorded to Mme. Etelka Gerster at BOOTH'S THEATRE. Crowded houses have invariably greeted her, and she has never been in better voice. On Sunday night, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was given; on Monday, "Hamlet," with Gerster as Opheha; Tuesday, "il Trovatore;" with Leslino; to-night, "ia Traviata" again, with Gerster; Fhursday, "The Barber of Seville"; Saturday, grand matinée; Saturday evening, "Aida"; all with Gerster.

"Let us write a play," said Mr. Paul Merrit to Mr. Augustus Harris, one fine day in London: "and we'll call it 'Youth." It was done, and was performed for the first time in New York at WALLACK'S THEATRE on the 20th ult. There are two scenes in this work sufficient to carry it through, otherwise there is not a line in it worth remembering. The departure of the troop-ship and the fight from within the entrenchment are very striking and real istic, and we do not call to mind having seen anything like them before. The characters and situations are un-natural, conventional and almost stupid; but Mr. Wal-lack's company, especially Mr. Osmona Tearle, makes the most and best of the driver that is put into their mouths. The military-heroic part of our population, will find a vast amount of comfort in "Youth." mouths.

ARTHUR AND THE PORTER JOB.



GRANT AND ROBESON .- "CONGRESS SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT; SO, IF YOU WILL LEND A HAND, WE CAN EASILY LIFT THESE OFF!"

POCK.



A FRESHET OF FRAUDS.

THE POET'S TROUSERS

AN EXCEEDINGLY TOUCHING IDYL OF INCARCERATION.

"How is the bard this morning?"

"He is pretty well," replied the poet's friend, brightening up: "I located him."
"What do you mean?"
"I'll tell you: The doctor told me he would

be jimjammed by Monday if allowed to live on his own plan; so I knew the only way to avoid this trouble would be to corral the bard and coop him up so that he couldn't get a drink."

"How did you capture him—with a lasso?"

"No; I talked to him and got him to change his quarters. I located him up-town in a nice place, and he seemed pretty well satisfied. Then I asked him to let me take his trousers to a tailor to be mended, so he went to bed."

Didn't he have a second pair?"

"He is a poet."

"He is a poet."

"All right; go ahead!"

"So I took them out and held on to them for four days. My idea was to keep him in bed and save his life. I sent him a shawl on the following day to wrap around his legs while he sat up in the room and sonnetted."

' Did he sonnet much?"

"He did. He wrote a sonnet to the lady of the house, whom he had never seen, and called her a dove eyed queen, wandering through vistas of hyacinthine splendors, receiving the homage of kings dazzled by her peerless charms and then asked her if she would kindly lend him a pair of her husband's trousers."

"Did she hear his appeal?"

"She did not. I bribed her to keep him in the house, and, as she has red hair, lots of freckles and no front teeth, and is called a reigning belle out of solid irony, she thought he was guying her, and it was all she could do to calm her husband and keep him from throw-ing him out of the window."

"What did he do then?"

"He wrote another sonnet-this time to Theocritus - a gent'e pastoral sonnet, full of clover

scent, and the songs of mating birds and lovely summer landscape, punctuated with honey bees and butter flies moving in myriarus through the songful air that hadn't a square inch of pneumonia to the mile, and nothing about his Queen of Love in it. After he got it finished he hung it out of the window on a cord, with a note to the policeman, asking him to peddle it and take half for his trouble. The cop took it down-town to a newspaper office, and got the Bogardus kicker so solid where it would do the most good, that he started back to arrest the poet for satisfaction.

"Did he arrest him?"

"No; he couldn't-he hadn't the wardrobe to be arrested in, and the cop made the air bluer than his uniform. The poet told him if he would borrow him a pair of trousers he would be only too happy to be arrested. The policeman left in great disgust; and when I called that night there was no poet, and when I went around to a certain saloon, I found him half-asl ep by the stove, as happy as a lord."

"How did he get out?"

"On his feet, I guess."

"I mean, how did he manage about

the trousers?"
"Trousers—trousers? Why, he didn't have on what could be strictly termed a pair of trousers; but he sported what might be called a respectable parody on a pair. As soon as he found that he couldn't find anything to cover his legs, he got to work with cord and a penknife, and made a pair of trousers out of the shawl. Poeta nascitur, non fit, and don't you forget it."

ONE DAY, while Plato was off on a fishingexcursion with Cyrus W. Field, the old Greek suggested that they pause for a while to brace up with ham-sandwiches and the malt fluid which cheereth.

Field said, after they were seated:

"Have you heard any fish stories, lately?"

"I have," responded the old leaf-wreathed philosopher: "I heard of a man who used flies o catch fish-balls. As soon as the fish-ball would bite-

"Are you going to print that story?" broke in the erector of monuments to traitors.

"I am, sir; and I am going to sell it to PUCK'S ANNUAL."

"But it's out!"
"I know it is," said Plato: "and it is in its fourth edition, and taking like scarletina; but I am doing it for next year."

And they finished their beer in peace.

'S NO GO.

Snow, snow, beautiful snow! It starts from above on its journey below-The way it is always expected to go, Except when old Boreas gives it a blow And caters it slanting, or bias or so.

Now, do I compare with the beautiful snow? I'd like to say "Yes," but I rather think "No." Ah, once I was soft as the snow, or as dough, My mind was as blanc as its radiant glow, Iniquitous courses I then didn't know,

Yes, once I'd stand treading on, just like the snow, But now I am digging a different row; I'm traveling high while the snow travels low-Am not quite so sloppy, and slushy and slow. I guess I don't match with the beautiful snow

IOHN ALBRO.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXXII .- The End.

The latter days of April have come, and we are prepared to abandon forever our rural home. All our household goods and gods have been packed, our vine and fig-tree have been, so to speak, put in trunks, and we are sitting around on the boxes, waiting for the wagons that are to bear away to a store-house the mute companions of our lives. Laugh if you will, but it still happens to all of us that the household furniture, which we have bought (and paid for) and lived with, becomes familiar to us, and, like all familiar things, becomes somewhat dear to us. Mrs. Lot's mother has gone to the house of Mrs. Lot's brother, and, for the first time in several months, absolute serenity rules in ourhome. In regard to my mother-in-law's visit, I had not welcomed the coming, but I had speeded the parting guest.

On that April morning 1 sat there calmly

on that April morning I sat there caimly smoking a cigar, our boy sat there complacently devouring an apple, while Mrs. Lot sat there wondering whether everything had been packed. "My dear," I remarked: "don't worry yourself. Everything has been packed, unless it be a stray hair-pin."

"Do you know any reason why we should leave a hair-pin?" she asked, sharply.

On the spur of the moment I could not think of any good and sufficient reason for such a performance, and I should have been compelled to make that admission to Mrs. Lot, if my sister-in-law had not entered and saved me from that humiliation. Poor Georgie was quite disconsolate, and her eyes were quite moist as she gazed around upon our belongings,
"Never mind, Georgie," I said: "it isn't

"Only think," she responded: "how I shall miss you."

"Of course," I said jokingly: "choice spirits of our quality are not to be found every day."

But there was no fun in Georgie on that occasion.

"What shall I do with myself," she

asked: "during the long evenings? With whom shall I take my walks?"

"There, Georgie," I said, rising and taking her hand in mine: "it isn't forever, you know. When we return from Europe we'll manage somehow to get you near us. Meanwhile, you must use every effort to induce your husband to remove to the city. You must delay breakfast every morning, so that he will miss the train; you must never have dinner ready when he reaches home, or else have it stone-cold; you must object to all the stores in the village, and increase your household expenses by going to the city for every trifling purchase; you must groan over all the inconveniences of the country, and tell him, day and night, how pleasant the city is. That sort of conduct, carried on systematically, will finally break down the most stubborn husband."

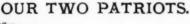
"Oh, I couldn't act that way with

Tom," said Georgie.
"Pshaw," said 1: "any woman can, and most of them do."

"Don't listen to him, Georgie," said Mrs. Lot: "he would try to spoil a

"I would like ever so much," said Georgie: "to live near you when you come back to the city, but I couldn't worry Tom; I couldn't do any of those

things."
"My dear Georgie," said I: "you are





"WHAT YER LAUGHIN' AT?"

a charming little woman, and, if Mrs. Lot were not here, with her eyes fixed upon me, I would kiss you good-by."
"Pooh," said my wife: "if Georgie is fool-

ish enough to let you kiss her, you need not refrain on my account."

"I'd be very sorry if you didn't kiss me good-by," said Georgie.

Well, my dear fellow, we are all alike.
Women are lovely creatures; the little rosebuds which they call their mouths were made expressly for kissing, and I feel sure that, under the circumstances, you would have acted precisely as I did.

Then the wagons came; and, when our fur-niture had been placed in them, we ensconsed ourselves in the carriage, and thereupon the Lot household, with its fixings, took up the line of march for the city. Georgio waved her handkerchief to us. She was a little more cheerful, for I had whispered in her ear that I would persuade Tom to come to the city as soon as we were permanently located there, and would write frequently to her. Then came a turn in the road, and the house, which, for a whole year had been our abiding-place, disappeared from our field of vision. I could not appeared from our field of vision. I could not refrain from sighing when I thought that that place would know us no more; and yet I was glad that our residence in the country was a thing of the past to us.

I have resolved that I will never reside in the country again until I can have things arranged in accordance with a plan which I have partially thought out. I propose to have my front gate built over a sort of platform, which shall be connected with an electric annunciator in the house. Every sort of person who would probably visit a house in the country shall be numbered, and corresponding numbers shall be placed on the annunciator. Thus, tramps shall be numbered one; the butcher, baker and candle-stick maker, two; book-agents, three; friends, four; bores, five; lightning-rod men, six; ped-dlers, seven, and soon. When any person belonging to any particular class opens the gate and steps on the platform, the annunciator will exhibit his number, and we can prepare a proper preparation for him. For example: it a tramp should open the gate, the annunciator would show the number one, and we would turn the proper crank. By the turning of that crank we would open a trap-door in the platform beneath the tramp's feet, and, before he could let any one know whether he preferred bread or clothes, he would slide down a decliv-ity and find himself at the bottom of the hill.

Suppose, however, the visitor should be a book-agent, then the annunciator would mark

THE SEASON OF MORTIFICATION.



Did the Young Men Go to All the Balls this Season? Oh, Yes, They Went to All the Balls this Season! Are They Going to Any More Balls this Season? Oh, No, They are Not Going to Any More Balls this Season!

three. The proper crank would be turned, the platform would revolve until the book-agent's face would be turned to the gate instead of the house; if he should turn around again, then the platform would revolve again, and so on until he would finally be glad to depart. For a peddler we would use the turn-table, and also have a flat board spring up, which would bounce him over the gate. For our friends we would have a crank, which would throw the front door wide open; for bores, a crank which would cause a sign to spring up before them, on which would be painted in large letters: "Not at Home."

In this way I have arranged a different sort of reception for every class of visitors. The weak point about the system is that I have not yet discovered how to make either the gate or the platform determine to which class an individual belongs. If my machine should send some person who desired to pay me money sliding down to the bottom of the hill as it he were a tramp, of course there would be the mischief to pay, as well as the money. To be sure, I could locate a man at the gate, but then all my machinery would be useless; for he could bounce the tramps and peddlers without any assistance from me. It seems hard that such a beautiful system should be rendered valueless by the lack o such a trifling thing as a means by which the gate can, by itself, determine the

class to which each individual belongs. I do not despair, however, of discovering that means. See how long other inventors have struggled before accomplishing their objects. There's the man in California, who tried to fly; he's almost well now, but they are not quite certain whether they have put the pieces together cor-rectly; some doctors think his knee-pan has been swapped off for his ear. There's the Philadelphia man, who expects to drag a train of cars with the power evolved from a teaspoonful of water, if he can ever find an engine strong enough to hold his power; he has had one or two explosions, but he is still endeavoring to solve his conundrum. I may finally fail to perfect my invention; but, until I succeed in discovering the missing link in my machine, I have determined that I will not again live in the country.

BABY'S PETITION. Life is restless, days are fleeting, Children bloom, but die in teething; Warning take, all friends and mothers, Watch the precious girls and brothers; Read the home life of Victoria, Children nine, all had CASTORIA No sleepless nights, by baby squalling, Like larks they rise in early morning.

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THE RECEPTION WAS KIND, BUT THE SCENE WAS STARTLING.

AN ÆSTHETIC FANTASY.

I.

The falling dew is cold and chill, And false the silver-fretted sky; Oh! prithee, by the daffodil. With rapt and purple-lidded eye, In truly stained-glass attitude,

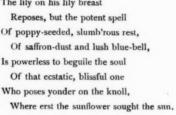
In some new-born beatitude,



Who is it, 'neath the waning moon,

The lily on his lily breast Reposes, but the potent spell Of poppy-seeded, slumb'rous rest, Of saffron-dust and lush blue-bell, Is powerless to beguile the soul Of that ecstatic, blissful one Who poses yonder on the knoll,

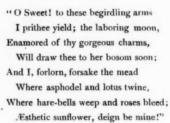
Entreats the sunflower's golden shoon?





He fain would pluck the gorgeous flower, The while, with reverential knee, He waits Love's ruby-tinted hour, And grieves the vast ungarnered sea; But oft, as through his sheeny hair, All tremulous and streaming down, He runs his hand, like lily fair, The sunflower mocks his jealous frown.

IV.





The lily on his lily vest, The lily hands wrung in despair, The lily grief that stirs his breast Reveal a fine æsthetic air; With eyes cast down, yet perfect pose, Some time this love-enraptured one, Antique-limbed, in his silken hose, Bewails the universe undone!

VI.

But see, emerging from the flower, A real æsthetic fantasy, More potent than the magic power Of art to waken ecstasy! "O Precious Sweet!" the poet cries: "True lotus balm for pain and toil, I'll try the spell that in thee lies, The balm of balms-St. Jacobs Oil!"



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HOW?

Tell us, won't you, how's the way You pronounce it, Judge Tour-jay? Some one told me, seems to me, That you called it Judge Tour-gee. And a member of the clergy Told me once he heard Judge Turgy. But I heard his daughter say "Ain't he splendid—Judge Tour-zhay!"
Tell us how you say the "g," Tell us how you say the "g,"
Hard or soft, good Judge Tourgee?
For a fellow, down your way
Called it, out here, Judge Tourgay. So when we say it, now, you see, We have to spell it Judge Tourgee.

In Antrim, New Hampshire, there are six ladies over eighty-five years of age. They are all widows. Sit still, young man; no, they will not marry again.

PATTI never drinks water. Thash ri, ol' gir-gir-girlie, thash right. Nuzzing makesh voichie sho thick an' dulls up zhe archic-artic-archiculashal sho mush ash-ash-warrer, warrer; jusht plain warrer.

Some one says "Bread and butter is the dress of this world; love and kindness its trimming." We'll bet \$400 the man who wrote that isn't married. Any married man knows that the trimmings always cost four times as much as the dress

JUDGE TOURGEE looked at the "high-art" cover on the Century magazine, and then remarked that he "couldn't tell which way the snake was going." Afterward, learning that the artist was offended, he amended his declaration and said it looked like a plate of vermicelli soup on a piece of brown paper.

CONSUL BAKER, of Buenos Ayres, thinks os-trich-raising would be a profitable industry in the United States. By St. George! here comes another infant industry, crying for protection.

If we fill the vacant lots of America with ostriches, we'd like to know how the goats of the republic are going to get anything to eat. There are scarcely enough tomato-cans and old corset skeletons to go around now.

"I CAN'T photograph a dog very well," the sad passenger said, apologetically: "so I won't try to describe the dog he hired, though I know perfectly well every man of you has seen the same dog. Doesn't stand more than twenty inches high, you know. Snow-white, you remember; hasn't a bit of color about him, except his mouth. That's blood-red, and runs half-way down his neck. It's an awful gash in the dog; runs clear down to his collar; that's the reason we put such a big collar on that kind of a dog, to keep his mouth from running clear through the dog."

—Robert J. Burdette.

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Come, let us flee to Salt Lake's shore, Give me thy hand for better or For worse.

Come, break the Gentile's fatal net And westward flee, yet don't forget Thy purse.

We'll rear a cot of modest pine, Where sweet wild rose and climbing vine Shall blow.

A rustic goddess thou shalt be, And wield in sceptered royalty The hoe.

I'll watch thee at thy happy task, And in the golden sunshine bask

And sing, And cheer thee with a fond caress, When thou dost plant the cabbages In spring.

Then come to those fair realms of bliss. Where every soul a sister is Or brother.

A loving spouse I'll prove, and kind, Faithful and constant-till I find Another.

-Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"Not heard of Mr. Sullivan!" exclaimed a member of the Cincinnati Ladies' Literary Association: "Not heard of Boston's Blue-eyed Boy of Genius?"

The pork-packer's fair, but ignorant daughter blushed at the implied rebuke, and timidly asked:

"What did he write?"

"What did he write!" shouted her companion, with increasing surprise: "Is it possible that you have never heard of 'The Mill on the Floss'?"

As the hog merchant's crest-fallen child entered her palatial home that afternoon she wiped the moisture from her eyes with a pale blue bandana, and whimpered:

"I knew I would never know nothing if pah refused to send me to Yurrup."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A convict at Palestine was missed by policeman Scruggs, who used a pistol to miss the convict with. He was missed several times. The local papers say that the convict "made a bold dash for Liberty," but whether Liberty is the name of some wealthy citizen's blooded racehorse, or only the next station on the railroad, we are unable to say. How much more proper it would be for convicts to obtain their liberty in the usual and legitimate way, by application to the Governor, than to create a prejudice against themselves by absconding.—Texas Siftings.

Elixir Vites - Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 232 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.

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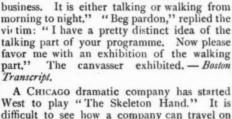
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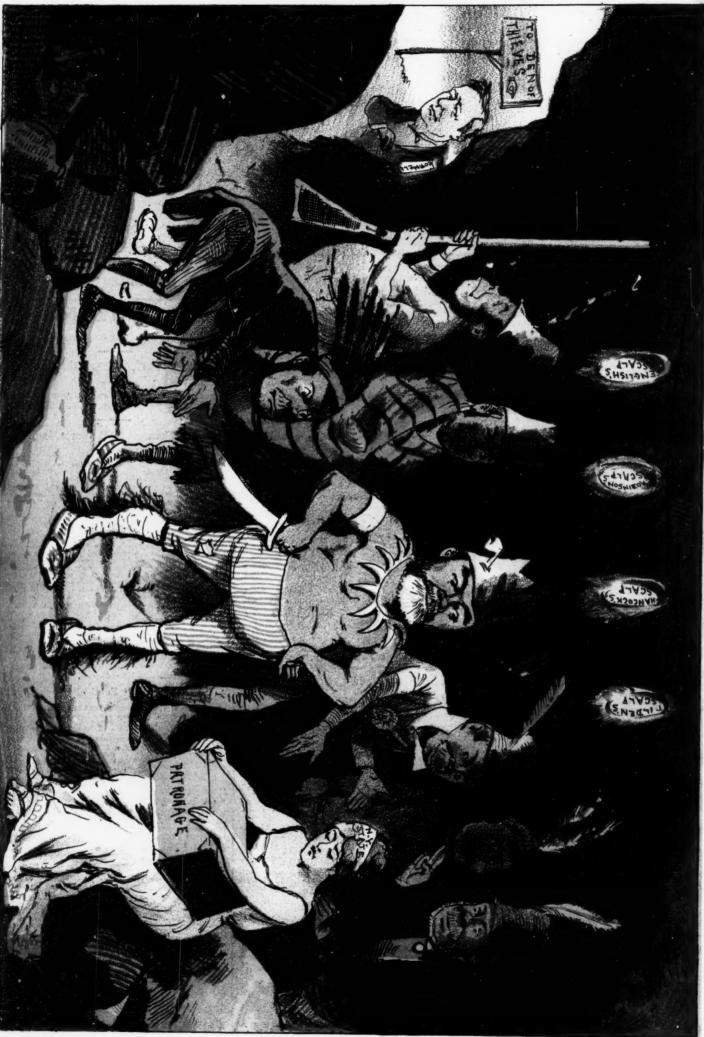
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